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# The Student's Pen



May 1966



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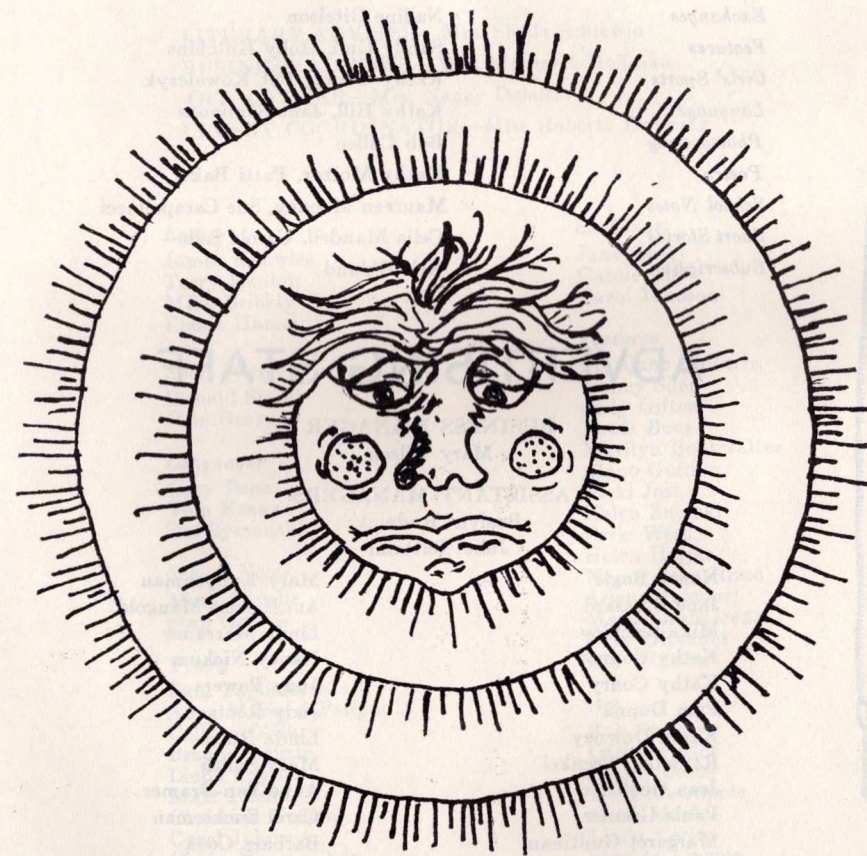
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# THE STUDENT'S PEN

PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

Volume L

Number 4



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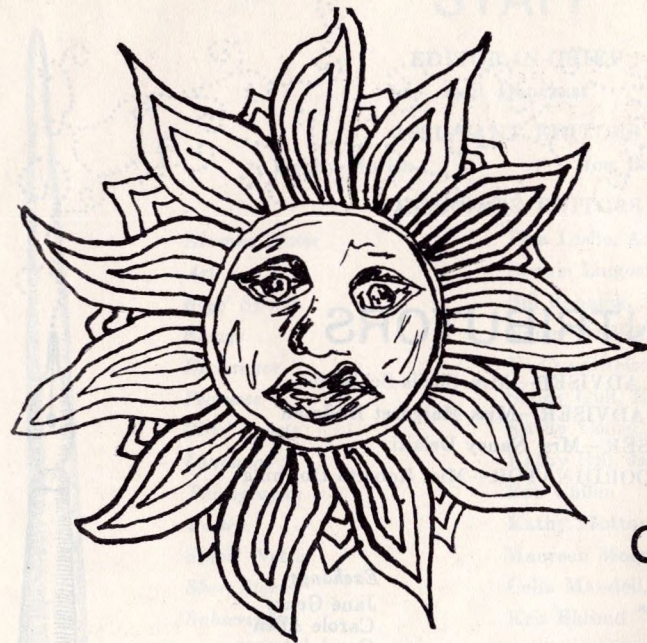
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## CONTENTS

EDITORIALS	5, 6
SHORT STORIES	7, 9, 15, 16
ESSAYS	12, 14, 30
POETRY	18, 19
ALUMNI NOTES	20, 21
SCHOOL NOTES	22
WHO'S WHO	24, 25
FEATURES	26, 27, 28, 29, 31
ARTS COLUMN	32, 33, 34
BOYS' SPORTS	36, 37, 38, 39
GIRLS' SPORTS	40, 41
LANGUAGES	45, 46, 47

## GRADUATION A TIME FOR REFLECTIONS

By Debbie Butler, '66

**G**RADUATION—A happy thought for the seniors! "Boy, I'll be glad to get out of this place for good." This is quoted from any typical senior. Graduation means college for some, jobs for others, and some from the class of '66 will probably be fighting for our country at this time next year. Graduation is a time to look ahead—to look forward to being on our own, with new responsibilities. It is a time for finding out just how well we are prepared to face the world.

Graduation is also a time for reflections. Remember all of those happy, ecstatic moments, and embarrassing moments, and moments we wish we could forget forever. A lot can happen in three years' time. Remember three seasons of football, a game played on a bright sunny day, crowds of students roaring, and confetti blowing in your face? Remember third lunch—what atmosphere! Thousands of students in one motley blur. Remember dropping your tray? How about cheerleading tryouts—the afternoons of tiring practice, the ordeal of tryouts, the joy when you made it—the heartbreak when you didn't. Remember the time you made the honor roll (credit list?) and how smart you felt for the first time in your life? Does the Prom bring back memories? Paint spilled all over the floor, murals falling off the walls, the fun when the decorations were finally up, and the morning after clean up. Remember when we won the St. Joe basketball game? The crowds of students jammed in together, your anger at the ref, the roar every time we made a basket. Remember the up and down

stairs? Your confusion three years ago, your annoyance now, especially at the teacher standing at the bottom of the stairs. Remember the class play—those nights of late practice for only a bit part, maybe? Remember Maplewoods? Remember decorating the lobby at Christmas?

Reflections could go on and on. Each memory brings back a thousand more. But one thing that many of us will reflect upon at graduation is the question, "How much did I really accomplish?" Three years is a long time and at last we are on the homeward stretch. What have we done throughout high school? Each one must answer this question alone, for it lies beneath all the fun and hard work of our high school days.

And so, for the seniors, graduation is a time to look forward to the future, and to look back at the past. It is a time to place ourselves into the present and find out just where we stand. To the seniors *The Pen* says "Good luck"; to the juniors and sophomores, "Make the most of what's left of high school. Make the time count because it really flies!"

### STUDENT'S PRAYER

By Arlene Talcove, '66

Please let tomorrow be  
A "cram-free" day for me,  
And please let the bulletin say,  
Tomorrow is an 8A B day!



## NEW SPARKS

By Gail Danckert, '66

CREATIVITY is an essential part of the human being. This trait can fill a boring day or shine a gloomy face. It can mark you as an individualist or, if it's lacking, as a bore. 1965-1966 has shown us that many students of P.H.S. do realize the importance of creativity and have expressed it.

We see signs of it first in the sweeping changes made by the band. The members have worked many long, hard hours to achieve the progress that is so noticeable and praiseworthy.

The *Pen* was modernized this year both in format and content. Growls were heard after the first issue, but by now most people have adjusted to the changes and can see what the use of creativity can bring. The Art section, in particular, has made a great addition to the magazine. Even the Who's Who has allowed some students to show their talents.

In a way, we see creativity in our Student Council. Never before has the Council tried so many new ideas for the betterment of the school, particularly in the academic program.

The new science program which enables capable students to teach in the elementary schools is a great development in creativity. This not only allows these pupils to share their knowledge, but also, to help them better understand it.

Every Tuesday afternoon, the *Writers' and Illustrators' Club* meets in room 308. This Club is probably the core of creativity in P.H.S., for it gives interested students an opportunity to develop and express the individual talents. Their recent use of the "Happening" shows the

chances for pupils to write or draw about an image which was created in their minds.

This year, too, the high school held a girls' gymnastics competition. These girls had to create their own routines and had to practice them to near perfection.

And so, Pittsfield High has shown this year a glimmer and growing spark of creativity. If this continues, there can be no end to the accomplishments that can be achieved by the student body. Keep up the good work!

### "Spring"

By Joie Archambault, '66

It whispers  
In breezes.

It blooms  
In May.

It twitters  
In treetops.

It glistens  
In sunrays.

It greens  
In grasses.

It sprinkles  
In play.

It reflects  
In classes.

It's spring.  
Winter, go-way, go-way.

## THE ASCENT

By Donald Street, '66

NOTHING much ever happens in isolated spots like this, but when something does, the natives get hold of it and it is thoroughly worked over and passed from one end of the village to the other. Thus, when I arrived, being a white man like the other was, I received many varied and colored versions of the story. He was white and came quietly into the village and boarded at the Inn for the few days he was there. By his silence, he aroused some suspicion, and the suspicions of the simple people found tongues when it became known that he intended to scale the mountain that towered over the countryside and that brought night to the village before the afternoon was more than half-spent. He had refused all offers of guides and set off one morning to disappear completely from their limited world. The landlord constantly pressured me to assume charge of his baggage, but I declined.

I myself had come to climb the mountain, but I realized the dangers of climbing alone on unfamiliar terrain, so I contracted one of the ablest-looking of the men as a guide. Throughout the treacherous ascent, I continually strained my eyes looking for some speck on the eerie, white landscape. A piece of equipment, a recent snowslide, anything to give a clue as to the fate of my predecessor, but nothing!

On the fourth day, as we approached the summit along a broad razorback, the going became appreciably easier, but I was growing more tense with each step. He had to have come this way, I thought. But no sign. We stopped to rest with the

summit in sight. The day was remarkably clear, and the view from that elevation awe-inspiring. The entire atmosphere of the stern-faced mountains, the low-hanging clouds, and the bright blue sky that seemed to begin below and continue above, created a feeling of perfection, of freedom from the flaws of man. I decided to go on to the summit alone. Leaving most of my equipment, I ascended the last hundred feet enveloped in silence. The serenity of the summit was undisturbed by the presence of a huddled figure nestled against a low outcrop of rock. It was the frozen body of the white man who preceded me, little covered with snow, for at the top of the world the snow is blown away before it has fairly fallen. Mingled with the atmosphere of the place, his presence seemed to me not unnatural. That a man could blend in with this imposing majesty! Close by I found his rucksack, which had escaped being blown away by becoming lodged in a crevice between two rocks. Protruding from the outside pocket was a small, leather-bound book, a diary. I fumbled with my heavy mittens to the last page and read. I have the diary with me now, so I can quote from his irregular but careful handwriting.

"Now I fully realize why the ancients chose the mountains for the abode of their gods. I have tasted the triumph of the highest and can never descend."

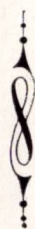
That was all he wrote, and in that lies the substance of his being, the mystery of his death.



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## SUNWORSHIPING

By Elaine Hamel, '66

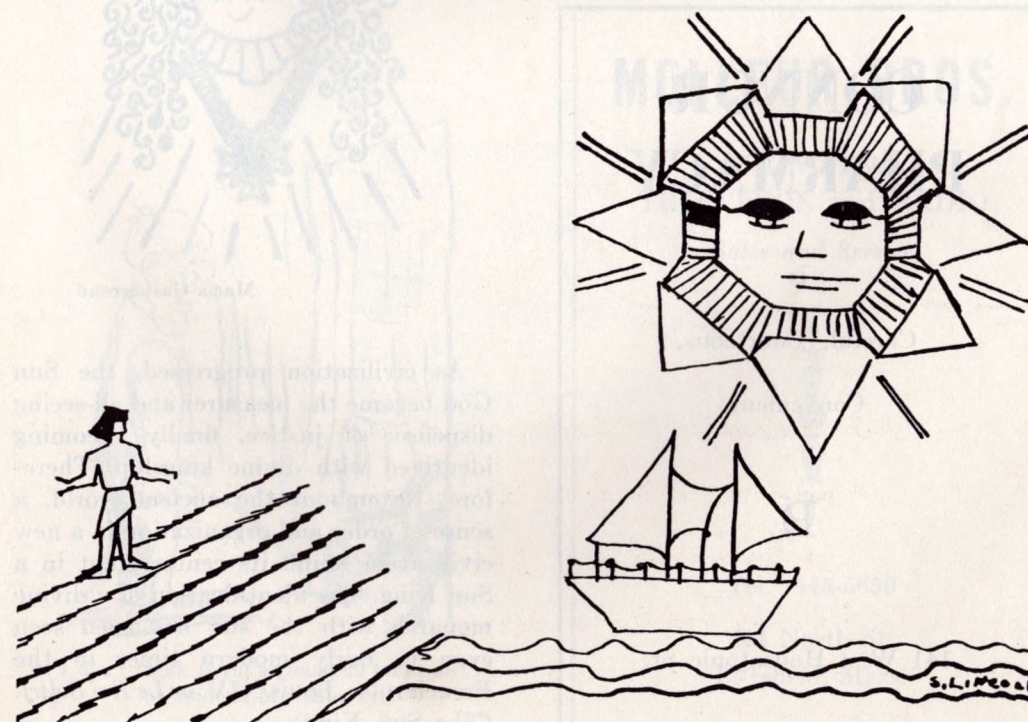
FROM the early days of farming, man began to look to the sun for not only warmth and light, but also for a sense of order and measurement. Although not entirely universal, sunworshiping became immensely widespread until hardly a region of the world did not know it at some time or in some form. Basically, sunworship became most prominent in areas of the world where civilization first arose: Egypt, Persia, Mesopotamia, Central and South America, and Japan.

As the greatest of the heavenly bodies, the sun came to live in the heart of early society. Because the sun revealed the beauty of the earth to early man, like the Pueblo Indians, he considered it a source of light, fertility, and happiness.

Although three powers—the earth,

certain animals, and the sun—played a part in the religion of the Egyptians, the power of the sun was supreme. From very early times the sun was worshipped in Egypt, but when about five thousand years ago the whole land became united under the Pharaohs, the Sun God assumed a glorious role. During the strange and brilliant reign of Akhenaten, the sun was worshipped as the sole deity of all mankind.

The vision of Akhenaten was creative and positive. If man lived in the light of human and divine love, he would be shown the truthful way of life. Always and always Akhenaten spoke of the life-giving rays of the sun—the idea of universal bounty symbolized by the disk and the many hands.





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To the Incas, the Sun God was the father of their divine ruler and the founder of their kingdom. The fact that their Sapa Inca was called Son of the Sun must have given the Incans a deep sense of solar paternity.

Originally the site of a New Stone Age Sanctuary, Stonehenge is a clear link with the cult of the Sun God in Britain and adjacent parts of the continent. Among graves found near Stonehenge, amber disks mounted on wide gold rings have been found. The rings themselves were engraved with many concentric circles, very probably sun symbols.



Maria Gasbarrone

As civilization progressed, the Sun God became the measurer and all-seeing dispenser of justice, finally becoming identified with divine kingship. Therefore, throughout the ancient world, a sense of order and organization in a new civilization found its center point in a Sun King. The identification of a divine monarch with the sun has been seen even in fairly modern times in the French ruler, Louis XIV, or *Le Roi Soliel*. (The Sun King).

Until recently, Japanese sunworship found expression in the cult of Shintoism. The Mikado was a sun king of Bronze Age style who survived into a modern, industrialized state. The Sun Goddess, Amaterasu, was probably worshipped as early as the second millenium B.C. She was recognized as the mother of the Mikado and the grandmother of the first emperor of Japan. So much did this supreme deity of Japan retain her powers that her symbol, the boldly rayed sun disk, has been placed on the national flag.

Although completely devoid of symbolic dimension and myth, sunworship is still carried on in the modern west. Day after day throughout the summer months western man returns to worship the sun, determined to gain a tan which is proof of salvation.

Information from: *Man and the Sun*  
by Jacquetta Hawkes.



I don't think Brent's gonna do his report  
on spiders, Mr. Murray.

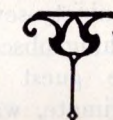
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## A GRAND OLD PARTY

By J. Bernardo, '66

IT WAS a fine day for holding a picnic. Pacifists, puritans, and aspiring politicians had come from the farthest reaches of the world to attend this, the forty-second annual gathering of the Society Against Dying of Embarrassment (SADE, a noble organization in the spirit of the famed Marquis). Mrs. Everett Fitzhues Castcourse, the august president of this ancient order, was busy memorizing her ninety-seven point program for squelching obscene literature. Meanwhile, the guest speaker, one Thurston H. Primate, was wowing an enraptured audience with an incoherently stirring account of William Jennings Bryan and his magniloquent defense of the Garden of Eden. To add to the excitement, Peeping Thomas Snod-

grass, Prairieview's one and only righteous reverend, had formed a vigilante committee to raid the nearby nudist colony. All the members agreed that this was by far their greatest and most memorable reunion.

This exalted convention was not without its touching moments. An eminent publisher, who remained anonymous, addressed an open-air assembly of delegates, repenting his profitable practice of selling *The Complete Works of Sigmund Freud* to juveniles. Another speaker, whose entrance was somewhat anti-climactic after the above scene of pathos, thanked the good citizens who had persuaded the governor to pardon him of a murder charge. After all, it was not murder, but merely self defense: the

dead man was a Communist sympathizer who distributed leaflets for the Psychiatric Workers of America, Local 342.

While these festivities were taking place, the children of klansmen and invited guests amused themselves in a most quiet and harmonious manner. Freddie "Four Letter" Ferguson was writing quaint subtleties on parked cars in black magic marker, while his older brother was beating up Clarence Milque-toast the third, the distinguished son of the Society's Chairman of Non Violent Demonstrations. It was quite heartwarming to see that even the members' children had a highly developed sense of moral obligation to mankind.

In their concern for the betterment of humanity, however, the leading spokesmen for the group often disagreed. One radical segment of the party stormed out of the meeting when the executive

board refused to go on record for repealing the Repeal of Prohibition. Still another lunatic fringe formed a splinter party, when a motion was passed raising the minimum contribution of members from a tithe (which was acceptable) to 38%. The promising picnic erupted into a full-scale riot: SADE's unity was forever destroyed. Next year, there will not be a national convention as such, but merely seven regional conferences, a situation which should make it more convenient for all of us to attend.

---

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## REFLECTIONS ON THE KUDER PREFERENCE TEST

By Bob Sandler, '67

EVER since I was a small child, I had very definite plans concerning my future occupation. Whereas most of my friends were fickle, and were constantly wavering between whether to be cowboys or atomic robots, my goal was firm. I wanted to be a mild-mannered reporter who fought a never ending battle for truth, justice, and the American way. This, I felt, was a pretty noble profession, and my general outlook was geared toward this eventual line of work. And yet, at a point very close to the realization of my goal, my ivory towers were sent crashing, and I was thrust into despondency and despair.

The perpetrator of this heinous crime was none other than the Kuder Preference Test. This seemingly harmless exam, believe it or not, is a subtle mechanism designed to destroy the hopes and dreams of innocent victims.

Upon first receiving the test, I was immediately thrown into a state of great anxiety. I have taken many frustrating tests during which I have had the urge to commit hari-kari, but this was absolutely the first that ever provided a weapon. At any rate I managed to flip a few pages, and my fears were allayed by the helpful glossary. This was provided by the authors so that I wouldn't confuse the word livestock, defined as cattle, with a hot prospect on Wall Street.

These were merely preliminaries, however, and the actual test was yet to come. As I gradually progressed through the pages of questions my disbelief and frustration increased. Not being the green

thumb type, the thousands of questions about desiring, for example, to "invent a pitless cherry," left me cold. I wouldn't mind eating a pitless cherry once in a while, but why in the name of Luther Burbank would anyone want to invent one?

With the enthusiasm of a dead trout I waded through the ensuing queries. Would I like to "correct test papers" to work my way through college? It seems to me that correcting tests is pretty Mickey Mouse. I think that maybe stealing test papers might be more profitable and exciting. Would I like to "keep a lighthouse"? Are they kidding me? My mother wouldn't let me keep a stray dog, much less a lighthouse. And where do you keep a lighthouse anyhow, in the cellar?

Not once in that whole test did they ask whether I should like to be a mild mannered reporter, or if I should like to wage a never ending battle, etc., etc. According to Kuder I should be a musical forest ranger, instead of a fearless reporter. I think that the next time they give those Kuder Preference Tests, I'd prefer to stay home.

Get the Best . . .



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## A MOMENT OF REALIZATION

By Carole Selin, '66

THE DAY was cold and the wind ripped through him as he stood at the prison door. This was the first time in weeks that he was outside of his prison cell—except for the two days of the trial.

His mind wandered to thoughts of the trial which he now recalled only vaguely, as if it were a dream or a foolish joke. True, it had been a farce—with the stern Russian judge and the witnesses, all talking very loudly in their own language which he had not understood. And he remembered when the judge in suddenly clear English had said,

"You are sentenced to death."

Yet hearing this had not affected him, for the entire spectacle had seemed like such a joke. Whoever heard of the death sentence for a simple crime like crossing into the country illegally? But in the weeks that had followed the somber days in his dark cell had brought him slowly to the realization that he was going to die. And now the day had arrived.

The clattering rifles and sound of marching feet jolted him to his senses. As the firing squad assembled, he was pushed into place in front of a wooden fence. The commander's voice cut the air. Obeying orders, the six soldiers raised their guns pointing so that he could see only six round, dark holes. Only seconds until the final orders.

Suddenly, he thought, I'm running! His feet beat the ground and he hurled himself over the fence. The bullets sounded around him, but none touched him. Just ahead, there was a pond. Now, he was in the water swimming furiously. The bullets sounded with a zing as they cut the water, but still they were not



Linda Carlon



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hitting him. He stroked desperately, looking for a place to hide. There—he spotted an alcove with deep woods just to his right. His arms were becoming tired, but he was almost to shore.

Suddenly, he heard the sharp voice of the commander and then the bang of guns. He felt strange piercing pains in his chest and face. He opened his eyes to see the blur of guns and soldiers and the prison and . . .

Slowly the firing squad lowered their guns and moved away. The wind whistled over the motionless form in a crumpled heap in the dirt.

## CRAZY OLD MAN

*By Jane Geary, '66*

HEY GEORGE, come out on the porch and sit for a while. It's such a nice night and it's so quiet out here with those kids finally asleep. I thought I'd go crazy with them today. In and out, in and out, and everytime they let the screen door slam. It's as though they do it on purpose to get under my skin. Are you listening to me? George, you haven't heard a word I've said. No wonder I talk to myself all day—no one listens. GEORGE!

I heard you. I heard every word you said. I was just wondering who's making that horrible racket down the street, all that pounding and hammering.

That's probably just Old Man Brady, the crazy one who lives next door to Carolyn. Carolyn says he's always hammering away at something, but she's never seen what it is. He keeps it out there in that big barn-type thing behind his house.

What are you calling him crazy for? He's probably just a lonesome, old man that's a little eccentric.

He's eccentric all right. Have you ever

seen the animals he's got? It looks like the Bronx Zoo down there. I'm just surprised that no one has called the Board of Health. I would if I had to live next door to him!

So he's got a few animals and he likes to putter. So what's wrong with that?

A few animals? Ha! I take it you haven't seen the place lately. It's crawling with animals. I think that's one reason that the kids are always sneaking down there. I have an awful time keeping them in their own yard. But I don't think it's the animals that bother me so much, though heaven knows they might pick up all sorts of horrible diseases from those filthy things. I think it's mostly the stories he tells them. He fills their little heads with all sorts of nonsense, and they think he's wonderful. They call him Uncle Noah—all the kids do. And they believe every single crazy word he tells them. Do you know why Johnny has been pestering for a snorkel for the last week? That crazy old man told the kids there was going to be a flood. Imagine, a flood! I wish you'd speak to the kids about staying in their own yard.

OK, ok, I'll have a talk with them tomorrow. But for now, let's go in the house and watch wrestling. It's starting to rain real hard.

Isn't that funny? The weatherman didn't say a thing about rain.

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**Rude Awakening***By Anne Marie De Felippo, '67*

A long golden arm  
Stretches forth from the heavens  
Into my window.

Shaking me from my sound sleep,  
It beckons me to arise  
And follow at once.

Obediently, I open my eyes,  
Jump to my feet,  
And stare at the burglary of the skies.

The sun has stolen darkness from the  
earth.

**The Pines***By Cindy Wanamaker, '66*

Each week I climbed to watch the  
"world go by,"  
And learn from nature.  
Sitting on the highest hill,  
The pines were more than visible to me,  
Elaborate in their greenery,  
Swaying with the wind, groaning  
With their loads of rain and snow,  
Pushing, stretching for sunlight.

A Small One stood beneath their feet,  
Crouching in his crowded state, yet,  
Happy in his separate world  
Of which he was the King.

One day I found the Tall One.  
It was not there before, yet,  
Could it, should it, grow so fast?  
I marveled at its strength,  
The slender trunk gracefully  
Shooting through the mass of green  
Pointing to the blue sky. Yet,  
How lonely it seemed in its glory.

That week a mighty, heedless wind  
Swept the hills and valleys.  
Returning to my point  
I could not find the Tall One.  
Imagining the greatest crash of timber,  
I wept. Yet,  
The Small One stood,  
Protected by the rest.

**"Opacity"***By Carol Johnson, '66*

Trying, oh, so hard to  
See over the hedge; being  
Able to draw the picture  
And not see what it is . . .  
Stumbling from one night to  
The next . . . living, only . . .

**sunbeams***by matt phelan, '67*

s n e m

u b a s d

a

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n

g

on the windowsill  
can do so much  
to make you s e.

m l

i

with their gentle  
midas touch  
they light-up  
every cor

n

e

r

and chase away  
the gloom.  
but deep inside  
you're still  
cold

'cause sunbeams

cannot touch

an over

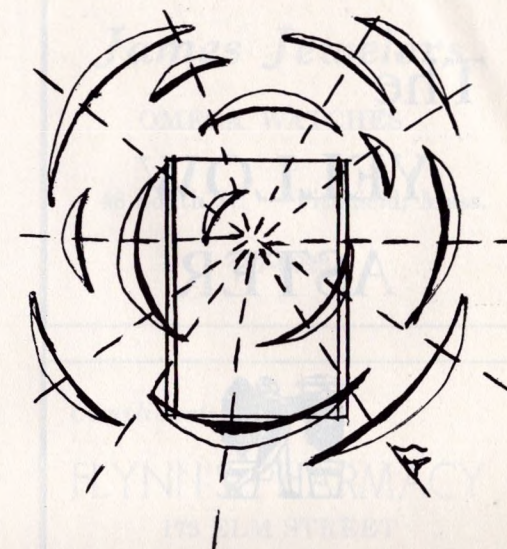
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Susan Aldam

physical need  
is satisfied  
but a thirst  
inside you  
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to make you happy.



# The YELLOW ASTER



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# ALUMNI NOTES

Pam Beehler  
Fitchburg State College

Nothing is more annoying to a high school student than to have a "once-upon-a-time" colleague return and give the dope on college life. I hated this rah, rah college information and I imagine some of you feel the same way. What is college really like? Actually, you know as much about college without experience as I do with it. There are numerous things I could tell you about my Special Education course at Fitchburg State College, my eight courses and twenty-six hours of classes a week, about my observations of retarded children and attempts to help these children live independently as individuals. I have seen children who will probably not live to ever sit by themselves; I have observed those with a zest for life unlike that of any normal child. What I am trying to point out is that I have faced reality for the first time. Things may not be as secure as they were before, but is it ever wonderful to be aware?!

I shall not go on to mention the social life—parties, special weekends, mixers, etc., though these are a large part of any college (and most colleges are very similar according to the reports from my friends). Out of all these aspects of college and college life which do I like best? To me, the best part of college, as corny as it may sound, is the learning. Another first in my life is the respect for knowledge. I want to take in as much as

I possibly can about any subject—from philosophy to industrial arts. So here is one more opinion from another college student. Annoying, isn't it!

Nancy Geoffrion  
Trinity College

I am carrying seven subjects and the amount of work is overwhelming. I find myself studying longer and more thoroughly than ever before, but strictly by my own choosing. There is no one here to check up on my work, so it's entirely up to me to get it done.

As for the way Pittsfield High prepared me for college, I'm very satisfied. When I compare the advantages I had with those of students from smaller and even private schools, I consider myself lucky.

At college we have much more freedom than at home, but the responsibility is equal in amount. When you reach college, it's a well-known fact that you must either prove yourself or be replaced.

In closing, I'll say that I just love college, and I'm very thankful to be here.

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# SCHOOL NOTES

## Rosemary DuRant

Rosemary DuRant is more than just a typical senior here at P.H.S. After seven years away from school, she has come back to complete her high school education, and for this she deserves much credit. Coming back to school while raising a family is not the easiest job. All the responsibilities of being a wife and mother are added to the job of doing homework and studying. But Rosemary feels that getting a high school diploma is definitely worthwhile. She told us, "I know now that employers really do look for a high school diploma from people they hire. Getting a job is much easier if you have graduated. But aside from jobs, I feel that even to be a responsible citizen you must be educated." Rosemary hopes to encourage her children and other people to continue their education through her experiences. Although she has found this year difficult at times, everyone has been "great" about it.

Rosemary hopes to further her education at Berkshire Business College or at BCC. She particularly enjoys chemistry and feels that this field may hold some opportunities for her. Rosemary is really a credit to P.H.S.; she has earned credit list marks for three terms. In her own words, "After being out of school for several years, I really appreciate a free education."

**Kathy Hill**—There is one day which stands out in my mind. It was the day of our St. Joe vs. Pittsfield game and Bernie Rosenblum stood out on the balcony before school and led cheers.

The spirit he drummed up then remained with the student body the whole day.

## Ambitions

*Shaun Tucker and Ernie West*—to take over "I Spy"

*Mary Lavelle*—to beat the boys to the cake in the Girl's lunch line

*Pam Marsten*—to become a permanent fixture in an arch design

*Bob Sides*—to become Tarzan

*Pete Walsh*—to be a Green Beret

*Karen Kelley*—to swipe a few inches

*Mitch Massaconi*—to weigh 180 lbs. so

I can play football and not get crushed

*Charley Goodrich*—to concentrate on sports ALONE

*Sue Grady*—to find a co-ed nursing school

*Jan McCoy*—To avoid Mr. Fox AND his English Leather

*Silvano Mastrodicasa*—to be cool and wicked

*Ed Desereau*—to be a "secret agent" man

*Lynda Cygan*—to get into B.C.C.

*Bob Martin*—to have a surplus of girls

*Mike McCarthy*—to become a bookkeeping scholar

*Nancy Bogle*—to be an Olympic volleyball player

*Dave Bell*—to be taller than Debbie Butler

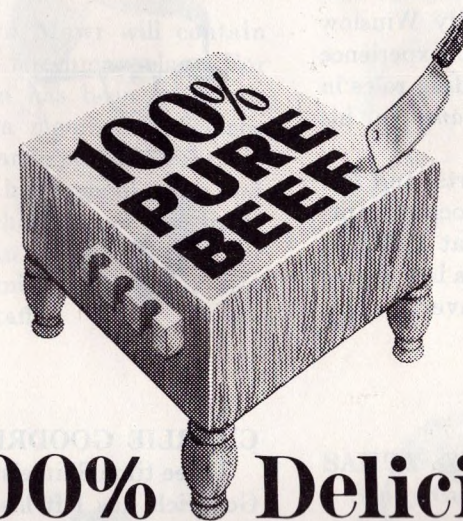
*Debbie Butler*—to be shorter than Dave Bell

*Janet Lindenmuth*—to live in Oslo, Norway

*Tim McDonough*—to be a success

*Dean Giftos*—to have a laboratory in the Transylvanian Alps

*Terrilyn Gerr*—to play first glockenspiel at Tanglewood



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# WHO'S WHO AND WHY

## BILLY WINSLOW

As co-chairman of our class play, *You Can't Take It With You*, Billy Winslow has quite a bit of dramatic experience behind him. He has had leading roles in *Lil Abner* and *Pajama Game* in his sophomore and junior years.

Billy is also active in sports, and has been on both the ski and soccer teams throughout his three years at P.H.S.

Bill's future plans include a law degree from the University of Denver.



## CHARLIE GOODRICH

Three time Skimeister winner, Charlie Goodrich has left his name in skiing in Berkshire County. He is, this year, co-captain of the Ski Team. Charlie is a college prep, Science Honors student. For the past 2 years, he has been on the Soccer Team. Next year, Charlie will attend the University of Vermont where I'm sure he hopes to further his skiing career.



## TOM KRAAY

If you have problems in math, the person to see is Tom Kraay. Besides carrying Math and Science Honors and maintaining Honor Roll marks, Tom is very active after school. As a track and soccer letterman, president of the Science Club, and a member of *The Student's Pen* and *Dome* staffs, Tom keeps very busy. His past achievements include winning the American Legion Certificate in ninth grade, being chosen an alternate representative for Boys' State, and twice being a semi-finalist in the First Olympiad Competition in Mathematics.

Tom hopes to go to the Air Force Academy next year and study math (of course).



## GLORIA FRY

Next year, Bryn Mawr will contain Gloria Fry in its Freshman class. For three years Gloria has been an honor roll student and a member of Science Honors. She has participated in the class play for her three high school years and this year is a co-chairman of this time-consuming job. An active debator her sophomore and junior year, she is now on the yearbook staff.



## SANDY GULL

Sandy Gull is one of our most versatile and clever senior girls. For the past two years, she has been our class Assistant Treasurer. As Features Editor of *The Pen*, she has done an unusual and very competent job. This year, also, she is co-chairman of Costumes for the class play. Outside of school, she has the responsibilities of President of Senior Leaders at the Girls Club. Sandy's future plans lean toward a possible premed course at Russell Sage. If her qualities of cleverness, originality and competence continue to shine, she will surely succeed.



## BARB CONTE

Barb Conte's athletic ability is so outstanding that she has been named by the *In General* as "athlete of the month."

Barb is treasurer of G.A.A., the Senior Cadette Manager, and was chairman of the Cadette Fashion Show last fall.

Besides all this, Barb is on the Student Council and also teaches gymnastics at the Girls Club. She plans to major in physical education at Indiana State.







## TWO SCORE AND TEN YEARS AGO

*Paula Boos, Marilyn Buckwalter, Alane Guitian '67*

MAY and June being a time for reflections and backward glances, we thought it rather appropriate to take a far reaching glance into yesterday's P.H.S. We found a 1916 copy of *The Student's Pen* and were interested to see the differences between then and now.

Today we are spinning in a never ending world of changing times. In the year 1916, skirts to the floor and double breasted suits with knickers were completely "en vogue." Now, the trend appears to becoming shorter and shorter! The halls of the old P.H.S., Commercial High, were scattered with the flamboyant youth of that era . . . However, a few thousand less.

The proms held at Pittsfield High, with their captivating themes and music,

captured many memories, both five decades ago and will in years to come. As written in the Blots section, better known as our Features, of an older *Pen* . . .

"With the hall not too crowded for dancing, but a large enough attendance to make it both enjoyable and sociable, and the same caliber of music as is always furnished by Tommy King, those who attended the first senior dance at the Masonic Temple could have nothing but an enjoyable time. The program consisted of twenty dances, very tastefully arranged, and included the waltz, two-steps, fox-trots, and the ever popular one-step."

Well, of course it was all very amusing then, but it can't compare with our new

dance crazes of physical gyrations and even physical exhaustion!

The arrival of spring not only means Proms, but the always welcomed "fire drills," and we have the class of '16 to thank for that! Taken also from the Blots of an earlier issue . . .

"The long-talked-of fire alarm system has at last been installed in the school building. To ring-in an alarm, it is necessary to break the small pane of glass on the front of the box with the mallet which hangs on the side, thus making an electrical contact causing the gong to ring. The apparatus is of most 'modern' design, and is said to be very efficient."

Naturally we hope it will never be necessary to use such alarms, but it is nice to break up a monotonous class with a jaunt down three flights of stairs for a bit of fresh air!

Like today's *Pen*, these early issues contained advertisements, but theirs

ranged for anything from electric lights to funerals. An old ad exclaimed:

"To Public Speakers

If you sleep with one of Hydren's Bronchial Torches you will wake up with a voice as clear as a bell."

"Hydren's fur tonic, for pale girls."

And another:

"To the class of '16, compliments of the Berkshire Brewing Association."

Despite the span in years, we may feel a certain kinship with our forerunners at P.H.S., as they spoke for us all in the immortal lines:

"Oh, Homework, Homework all day long,

Yes, Homework, Homework, prose or song.

It hardly seems that is right  
To give us Homework every night."

Perhaps times haven't changed at all!



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# FEATURES

Well, another year has just about bit the dust and before you can say "Sean O'Casey" proms and another graduation will pass. I'd like to thank this year's class for standing by and providing items of *Special* interest to all my fans. It's hard to believe that in a few short months Susie Sophomore will come to know that warm congeniality (sorry about that!) of upperclassmen. Juliet Junior will still be in search for her Romeo and Samantha Senior will finally understand what it's like to watch Saturday Night at the Movies, eat 3 jumbo, family size bags of potato chips and solve crossword puzzles with a dull pencil. But, enough of Casey's prophets for the *Future*, there's a lot of HISTORY to tackle and history just happens to be my favorite subject!

I heard Kathy Hill bought a half gallon jug of "Wing Song" perfume. Easy Girl . . . Well, Charlie. A big strong boy like you should have a better defense when a girl threatens to throw you and does. How long did it take you to get your hand out of the wall?

Gee, Pete Bailey! I remember when you used to play house with Barb Conti. Did you ever decide what to name the Betsy doll? . . . It's nice to know that Nicky is so interested in local history. He's especially attracted to the Lenox Monument . . .

I guess good news really does have a *smashing* effect on Colleen! . . . Hey, Mike Smith. We all found out what your act is. What do you do for an encore?

Well, fans, I guess that's about it. Good luck to you all this summer but please watch your step because when you least expect it someone may come

up to you and say, " . . . Would you believe you are going to be in the next Casey's Column this Fall? . . . How about the absentee list for September 29? . . . The Credit List? . . . Would you believe Mr. McKenna's "My Favorite People" list? . . ."

Sean O'Casey

### Trivia

Did you know that the sun rose at 5:48 in Sweetwater, Wyoming on Sept. 23?

Did you know that Roy Roger's wife, Dale, had a horse named Buttermilk?

Did you know that Herbert Beebohn-Tree would be 112 years old today if he hadn't died 40 years ago?

Did you know that Werner Hardmo, in 1945, walked 2 miles in the record time of 12 minutes, 45 seconds, in Molmo, Sweden?

Did you know that in 1920, Skokes, Ill. had a population of 763?

Did you know that Feb. 6, 1157 fell on a Wednesday?

Did you know that Kaptain Kangaroo used to be Clarabel the Clown on "The Howdy Doody Time"?

Did you know that the U. S. imported 82,793 pounds of green coffee beans from Surinam?

Did you know that most fish in the black depths of the ocean are completely blind, and their eyes have disappeared?

Did you know that when a toad gets thirsty, he just sits in a mud puddle and absorbs water through the pores of his body?

Did you know that shrimp who lie at the bottom of the ocean light up like lamps in the darkness of the depths?

Did you know that Ancini Depepe was Provoloni Dictolinis' grandmother, whose aunt was Micholono Mufuchioni, whose brother was Anita Suchinetie?

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## IF I COULD CHOOSE MY NAME

By Mike Brickley, '66

SOME people call me 65079-197613-024-36-4871-88665-55. My friends just call me plain old 65079.

This switch to direct digit dialing is remarkable. However, I don't believe that the use of numbers should stop there. Wouldn't it be great if instead of names like John, Dick, and Mary, we had names like 86943, 28456, or 134215? There would be no repetition of names and people's characteristics could be associated with the numbers.

For example, a skinny person's name might be 11111. A dull or a fat person's name might be 00000. A top-heavy person might have the name 99999. A mixed-up person could have a name such as 9969669696. A shapely girl could have the number 36-23-36; a short person could be called .500. There are unlimited possibilities for the use of these numbers.

There is one drawback, though. Can you imagine trying to wade through a telephone book filled with nothing but numbers? It would be easier to write the person a letter than to call him.

Another problem would be how to tell whether one was looking at a column of numbers or names. Someone might mistakenly multiply Tom times Dick and get Betty.

Maybe it would be better if we wait a while before we switch from letters to numbers. Alphabet soup companies would go out of business. People would have numbers printed on their chests instead of having "Mother" tattooed there.

This system might never come into use but, who knows? How do you like this number—893240? It may someday be yours!

### New Titles

To help pass these luxurious days, we of the Features Staff have devised a *Summer Reading List* to keep you informed and entertained during those sunny months.

*Vadling Mount Everest*, by Kathy Hill

"... complete with step by step instructions of how to mend skis with bubble gum."

*Addition and Subtraction of Finite Numbers Not Included in a Closed Set—For Fun and Relaxation*, by Bob Boyer.

"... adds real insight."

*How to Clean House*, by John Johnson

"... what can we say?..."

*Sulfuric Acid—The Latest in Mouthwash*, by Tom Kraay

"... Breathtaking..."

*Travels With Charley*, by T.S.G.\*

\*The Sophomore Girls

*Fun and Games*, by Mr. Buchman

"... Fun(!)"

*The Real Reason Why I Don't Bring My History Book To Class (Part IX)*, by Bob Wayne

"... this thrilling expose selling now for only \$2.50"

*How To Live Up a Party*, by Mike Smith

"... In new diary form"

*Retribution*, by Jeff Duess

"... a thrilling account of then and now"

*Italian Renaissance*, by Helen Zuorski

"... shows much diligent research"

*How Come Me Likes English!* by Mike Davis

"... one of his goodest books..."

*(Metaphysically Speaking) Javelin Throwing Can Be Fun*, by Brent Sorrentino

"... written by truly one of the best throwers of our times..."

*It's True Blondes Have More Fun*, by Colleen Termohlen

"... first-hand account..."

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## THE Arts Column

*The sun is a faithful artist, but his choice of emphasis is often too ironical to be intelligible to human faculty.*

—Sir Walter Raleigh (the younger)

### 'A REMEMBERED LOVE'

By Sandra Smith, '66

ASIDE from his many lesser talents, Bill Pursell displays great genius as a composer, arranger, conductor, and pianist. A graduate of the Eastman School of Music and a student of composition under Renee Longy Miquelle and Dr. Howard Hanson, Pursell is rising to popularity with many classes. Perhaps the reason for this popularity is his versatility which is well displayed in his album, "A Remembered Love."

Pursell opens his album with four melodic and tranquil pieces, then quickens the tempo a bit with a more rhythmic back-beat in "Once I Loved." The rest of his album encompasses various beats ranging from bossanova to blues. In "Brasilia," he reaches a height of versatility in arrangement by combining a bossa nova beat with jazz piano. All this is smartly contrasted by his smooth arrangements of "A Remembered Love," "People," "Who Can I Turn To," and "When I Fall in Love,"

in which he brilliantly uses sweeping strings to accent his piano melodies. Although Pursell displays rare piano technique in "Madrillena," he is probably better known to the younger generation for his ability as a modern arranger, as displayed in his piano and orchestral arrangement of "You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin'."

Another feature of this album is the splendid job of recording done by Shelby Coffeen. Coffeen shows off his talent as a recording engineer by capturing not only a quality of piano tone, but also of orchestral dimension. While Pursell worked with only an extremely small orchestra, Coffeen has completely captured its fullest sound so that the listener hears no lack of instrumentation.

In short, Bill Pursell has come up with an album that appeals to the lover of mood music, jazz blues, beat music, and classic technique. It can easily be said the Bill Pursell has something for everyone.

### A Patch of Blue

By Gail Danckert, '66

People today are always looking for an escape out of reality into a make-believe or twilight state. *A Patch of Blue* shuts the door to make-believe and shines a glaring light on reality—suddenly life stares us right in the eye.

This movie shows us a poor, blind girl, Elizabeth Hartman, living with a selfish, immoral mother, Shelley Winters, and a pathetic, drunken grandfather, Wallace Ford, under horrible conditions in a big city slum.

The only escape of Elizabeth Hartman, Selina, from this squalid, ugly existence is in the park, and it is here that she meets Sidney Poitier. Slowly, they weave a gentle and mystifying love around each other. They find simple joy in stringing her beads and laughing at

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the world as it critically runs by. Sidney Poitier, Gordon, is a well-educated, well-established Negro, who shows Selina how she can live a fuller life as an independent. Through his gentle and caring ways Selina's dark world acquires a patch of blue.

Today when the question of intolerance is so prominent, we see in *A Patch of Blue* the perfect example of tolerance in a natural form; not tolerance that you wear for a day but tolerance that is born within you and doesn't need a second thought.

This fine lesson in living could have been a sick overdone movie, but because of great acting and direction we are left with an image not easily forgotten . . . What color is love?

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## Langland's "Sacrifice Poems"

By Sue Symanski, '66

The Poet-in-Residence at the University of Massachusetts, Joseph Langland, in 1963 published his third book, *The Wheel of Summer*. The first section, "Sacrifices," is the best of the three sections in the book. These poems deal with Langland's childhood and the deaths he saw while a farm-boy in Spring Grove, Minnesota. On the farm, Langland had a good chance to look at people, Nature, and himself. He used the results of these observations as inspiration for the "Sacrifices."

Each poem tells of one death: of an animal, a friend, or a relative. It then looks into the meaning of the death and the effect it had on Langland's youth. At some times, Langland is very honest and unsparing in his criticism of himself and his fellow-men. A neighbor, a mentally-retarded boy, hanged himself in the winter woods because he couldn't live any longer a life in which he was laughed at and pushed around by others. Langland, in "Sacrifice of Eric," writes: "The dead weight of his world is upon our hands."

From that sad experience, a young boy learned to be more tolerant with other people, and to accept the responsibilities of his actions.

"Sacrifices" are worthwhile reading for young adults because they can teach that something worthwhile may be learned from an experience which, at the time, may seem tragic or destructive.

*How To Be a Track Star in 880 Easy Lessons, by Dick Arienti*

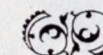
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## THE MIGHTY HEAD OF P.H.S.

By William Bannick, '66

"YOU ARE asked to write an autobiography after your 25th birthday. What would you like to be able to say about yourself?"

I graduated Pro Merito from Pittsfield High School in June, 1966, and went to the University of Michigan. Upon graduation from Michigan, I signed a contract to play professional baseball with . . .

This is what P.H.S.'s Tom Grieve would say about himself after his long years of athletics and study. This issue, *The Student's Pen* salutes one hard working student athlete.

Starting in September of 1964, Tom accepted three responsibilities that were to require almost all of his spare time. He chose to play three varsity sports, football, basketball, and baseball. Entering the football game from South Junior High with the image of being a sophomore star, he played rugged ball with guys who were three-year veterans. They put him to the test which included black eyes and sprains, but finally he earned himself a starting quarterback position. Here, Number 11 passed, ran, and kicked his way to All Berkshire and All Western Massachusetts fame. Across the state coaches and college scouts watched Tom throw a 50-yard pass to his end, Pete Vacchina, for a touchdown play that covered 75 yards against a rough Brockton team in October, 1965. A year earlier, a Pittsfield team quarterbacked by a quick Number 11 entered a field in New Bedford as an underdog. Two hours later it left that field with the name Pittsfield upon the lips of all who watched. In December, Tom traded spikes for sneak-

ers and a football field for a basketball court. Working again, he gained an important berth among four other starters on a strong Western Mass. basketball team. For the next two years, one of which while sidelined with an illness, Tom captained this team and helped it develop a name that was feared and respected by every team it faced. With the change of seasons, came Tom's favorite sport, baseball. Working out day after day he became a starting outfielder and relief pitcher in his sophomore year. A year later his position was changed to catcher, yet his name remained on All-Star teams in Berkshire County and Western Mass.

Many feel Tom had the breaks, but, he put in a lot of work all along the way. Practice was demanded every afternoon from September until June during his three years at P.H.S. After practice, he put two to three hours of work in his Honors Math and Level 1 subjects, which resulted in a fine academic record.

Off the athletic field, Tom has been a member of the Student Council and a credit list student throughout his school career. Chosen as a delegate to Massachusetts Boys' State, Tom placed third there in the 100-yard dash with the respectable time of 10.3.

For all of his efforts while at Pittsfield High, Tom has a fine showing of colleges interested in his athletic and scholastic abilities. Included in the list are Notre Dame, Duke, Stanford, Syracuse, Dartmouth, Holy Cross, Boston College, Michigan, Ohio State, Amherst, Maryland, and Villanova. So far, Michigan looks "pretty nice" to him.



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As for the future, Tom would like to play big league ball after college. When asked whether he'd sign a contract this summer, Tom said "it would have to be a pretty good sized bonus."

Tom knows it's a hard, long, road to the pros, but again, he's determined to work for it. From the staff of *The Student's Pen*, we say, "Tom, congratulations and the best of luck for a successful future."

### The Winged Athletes of P.H.S.

*By Ronnie Goldstein, '67*

Would you consider 98% a good average? I believe your answer would be "yes." "Scholars" they must be then, because the Pittsfield High Track Team has amassed this percentage of wins in its meets over the last three years. They have won eighteen straight meets and their last thirty-six out of thirty-seven. The team last year won the Springfield Invitational Tournament. Over the last two years they have won two consecutive Western Massachusetts Championships.

The successful feats of this team can be accredited to two factors. First of all comes the superior ability and determination of our athletes. Secondly, is the unparalleled guidance they receive from Coach Rudy Benedetti. "Coach B" as he is called by his track men, has had many years' experience of coaching young athletes in their chosen events. Coach Benedetti is well known around the school for his affable complexion and pleasing personality. He sets an inspiring example to the young men under his supervision.

The track team this year looks forward to another highly successful season. The team lost many fine athletes last year, but it also retains many lettermen. Among those returning this year will be: in the shot put, Brent Sorrentino and Charlie Tiblom, on the javelin Dale Mitchell, the Kraay boys, Gene and Tom, will be returning to the pole vaulting pits this year, and Johnny Johnson to the high-jump and broad-jump. Coming back to throw the discus are Bruce Bannick and Paul Germanowski, and in the running department we have Co-Captains Forrest Baker and Ulrich Greilich.

Others returning are Larry Hunt, Steve Barrett, Jim Giansiracusa, William Bannick, Paul Andrew and Richard Komuniecki.

The team this year has certain aims in mind. Among them are: 23 straight dual meet wins and the third consecutive Western Massachusetts Championship. The *Most* important goal is the first state win for Pittsfield High. *ALL* students are welcome to Clapp Park to help cheer the track team to victory. The team has high hopes, and with a little luck and a lot of hard work the boys will achieve all their dreams.

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## GIRLS' SPORTS

### Remember Girls?

How dangerous it was to walk out of the gym for fear that you might meet up with a boy dripping wet, wrapped in a towel.

How Kathy Hill was on the ground more than the ball, both in basketball and field hockey.

How height finally paid off in volleyball and basketball. Right, Chris and Nancy?

How those seniors in the kitchen could not bear to let a piece of delicious pizza pass their eye at the G.A.A. Pizza Party.

How you let the sophomores win in field hockey. Giving them good moral support, right.

How you have the best class yet.

How the senior girls finally won a basketball tournament by defeating the juniors.

When Sue Gifford scored two points for the juniors with a beautiful hoop in the wrong basket.

When a junior dared to knock down Carole Selin in field hockey.

When Kathy Hill could find no way to put her levis on rightside out after the G.A.A. Splash Party.

When Barb Conti refused to let any boy cover for her the night of the Senior Co-ed Volleyball game.

When Sue Symanski wasn't going to let any junior push her around in field hockey.

### Golf Lessons

*By Chris Gneidek, '66*

It's time to put away your skis, skates, and hockey sticks, as golf is now on its way. As many know the after school sport program offered golf lessons taught by our well-known golf coach Bill Murray who tried diligently to familiarize his students with the basic techniques of the up and coming sport.

There were approximately eight who attended lessons which lasted for fifteen minutes each and were held in the Plunkett School basement every Tuesday afternoon for four weeks.

The proper and convenient grips were shown together with the proper stance.

With weather permitting, Mr. Murray's lessons will continue at the Lenox Driving Range which he will operate throughout the summer.

Mr. Murray's sincerest hope was that his pupils take an ardent interest in this wholesome and challenging sport and also convey the difference between a putter, driver, and divot.

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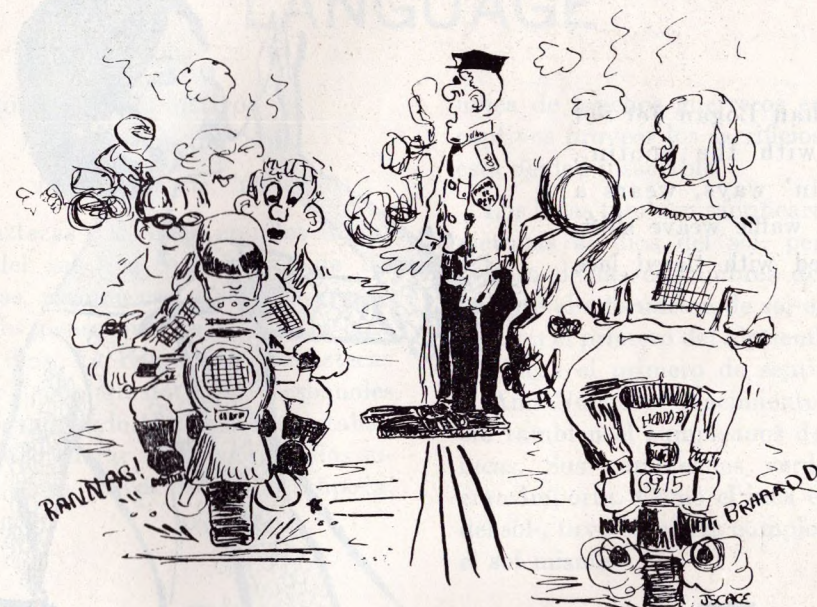




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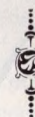
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## LANGUAGE

### Los Adoradores Primitivos Americanos del Sol

By Gary Pane, '66

Los aztecas y los incas eran los adoradores del sol mas importante de las Americas, aunque casi todos los grupos de indios pensaron que el sol era uno de sus dios. La religion de los aztecas durante la conquista de los espanoles estaba cambiando. Los aztecas estaban empezando adorar solamente un dios supremo; pero la deidad Tezcatlipoca,

unica de muchos guerreros era obtener captivos proveer los sacrificios diarios a esta deidad insaciable.

Los incas tambien sacrificaron muchas victimas al dios del sol, pero el mas famoso de las costumbres de los incas tocante el adornacion de sol era su celebracion el primero del septiembre. Segun los incas el primero de septiembre era el Ano Nuevo o- Nacimiento del Sol-y era tambien el cumpleaños de todos los incas. Sus cumpleaños verdaderos no eran importa. Como el inca era un-hijo del sol-, tuvo el mismo cumpleaños como el sol mismo.



Chris Marby

### ANCIENT DEMONSTRATORS

By Tom Kraay, '66

Believe it or not, man's urge to express his opinions publicly for better or for worse is custom only of the present. In the far-gone days of the Roman and Greek Empires slogans could be found on slates carried by the ancient demonstrators.

For instance, when Helen was seized by the Trojans, Greek signs might have read:

"Immortales Divi! Ferte vestram iram Graeculis plagariis!"

After the assassination of Julius Caesar, the following cry could be heard in the streets:

"Laud esto Caesari, morsque esto sicariis!"

Or during the Catilian conspiracy:

"Vel res publica vel Catilina peribit!"

And the slaves participating in the revolt of Spartacus might have exclaimed:

"Liberemus nos a tyrannide!"

quien aparentemente era destinado convenir a la Divinidad, era de ningun modo el dios mas importante de mitologia de los aztecas. El mas importante era Tona-tiah,-el jefe del sol- o el dios del sol, el origen principal de vida, y conocido tambien como- Teotl-o-Dios-. Tambien fue llamado a veces Ipalneomohuani o -El por quien los hombres viven-y el era el siempre presente fondo de la adoracion de todas las deidades de los aztecas. Hicieron sacrificios humanos a el, y levantaron y ofrecieron los corazones de los victimas primer a dios. La tarea



### The Roman Sun

By Tom Kraay, '66

In most modern texts concerning the sun one would find detailed, statistical, and highly technological facts concerning the massive center of our solar system. However, during the time of ancient Rome the sun was not considered in a scientific manner as today, but with great superstition on account of the relative ignorance of the people.

Even in the books of higher education in Rome, the following account might be found:

Sol donum deorum nobis est. Is orbem terrarum lustrat, ut mortales die laborare possint, et nocte vanescit, ut viri dormire possint.

Uranus et Gaea duodecim liberos, Titanes, qui validiores ceteris deis essent, genuerunt. Uranus id scivit, et eos in

vincula coniecit. Sed Gaea eos liberavit, et liberati orbem terrarum inter se distribuerunt. Quisque liberorum unam partem regnavit. Opus solis movendi trans caelum Hyperioni, vocato Apolloni interdum, datum est . . .  
Fact or fiction?



### Der Ursprung von Sonntag

By Susan Symanski, '66

Es wohnte einmal in einem kleinen Dorf ein netter alter Mann, den jeder liebte und achtete. Das Dorf lag in der Mitte eines gross n, tiefen Waldes. Das Volk da war sehr unglücklich, denn es kannte die Nacht von dem Tag nicht. Eines Tages baute der Alte ein Haus in dem Baum für die Kinder des Dorfes. Als er auf den Baum hinaufstieg, bekam er einen flüchtigen Blick von etwas über den Baumen. Er war ein sehr lebhafter Mann, und setzte sein Klettern fort. Dort war er erstaunt. Etwas am Himmel schien sehr strahlend. Er kletterte hinunter, und dabei brachte ein paar Aste mit. Die Strahlen der Sonne fielen auf das Dorf. Das Volk war sehr froh und benannte den Tag Sonntag, Nach dem Mann, Wolfgang Sonn.



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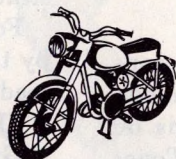
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